THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.] SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1803. [NO. 43.

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
——— We hither bring.

I WAS just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a plesant voyage down the Rhone when I was stopped at the gate——

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosinary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with the two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to stirke—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him; on the contrary, meet him where I will, whether in town or country; in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage——I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him, and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough——in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c. I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and eaqually make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both——(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder: which terminated my father's and mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in or going out?

The ass twisted his head to look up the street——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way——

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death ——Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had drop it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again.——God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.——And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.——In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon than of benevolence in giving him one.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in my face—"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may."——If I do, said I, I'll be d——d

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andouillets—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the intejection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an osier, which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the *Out upon it!* in my opiuion, should have come in here.

Sterne.

Extraordinary Forewarning,

AS IT REALLY OCCURRED IN LORD TYRON'E FAMILY IN IRELAND.

The following most EXTRAORDINARY ARTICLE *is copied from* La Belle Assemblee; or, Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine *of August* 1, 1806:—

Lord Tyrone and lady Beresford were born in Ireland; they were both left orphans in their infancy, to the care of the same person, by whom they were both educated in the principles of Deism by their guardian. When they were each of them about fourteen years of age they fell into very different hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved used every possible endeavour to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace the revealed religion, but in vain; their arguments were insuffi-

cient to convince them, but they were powerful enough to stagger their former faith. Though now seperated from each other, their friendship continued unalterable, and they regarded each other with a sincere and fraternal affection.—After some years had elapsed, and they were each of them grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that whoever should first die, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved of by the Supreme Being. Lady Beresford was shortly after addressed by Sir Marcus Beresford, to whom after a few years, she was married; but no change in condition had power to alter her friendship; the families frequently visited each other, often spent more than a fortnight together; a short time after one of those visits, Sir Marcus Ceresford remarked, when his Lady came down to breakfas in the morning, that her countenance was unusually pale and bore evident marks of terror and confusion; he enquired anxiously after her health, she assured him that she was well, perfectly well; he repeated his enquiries, and begged to know if any thing had disordered her; she replied no, she was well as usual.—"Have you hurt your wrist, have you spraint it?" said he, observing a black ribband bound round it. She replied no, she had not; but added, "let me conjure you, Sir M. never to enquire the cause of my wearing this ribband, you will never more see me without it; if it concerned you as a husband to know it; I would not for a moment conceal it from you. I never in my life denied a request, but to this I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never to urge me further on the subject." "Very well, my Lady," said he, smiling, "since you so earnestly desire me I will enquire no further."

The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over when Lady B. enquired if the post was come in? she was told it was not. In a few miuets she again rang the bell for her servant, and repeated the enquiry, is not the post yet come? she was told it was not. "Do you expect a letter?" said Sir M. "that you are so anxious concerning the coming of the post?" "I do," she answered, "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead, he died last Tuesday, at four o'clock. "I never in my life," said Sir M. "believed you superstitious, but you must have had some idle dream, which has alarmed you."

At that instant a servant opened the door, and delivered to them a letter, sealed with black.—"It is as I expected." exclaimed Lady B. "he is dead." Sir M. opened the letter, it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, & contained the melancholy intelligence that his master had died the Tuesday preceding, at the very time that Lady A. had specified. Sir M. intreated her to compose her spirits, and to endeavour as much as lay in her power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him she felt much easier than she had done for some time; and added, "I can inform you of something which I know will prove welcome, I can assure you beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I am with child of a son."

—Sir M. received the intelligence with that pleasure that might be expected, and expressed in the strongest terms the felicity he should experience from such an event, which he had long so ardently desired.

After a period of some months, Lady B. was delivered of a son; she had before been the mother of two daughters only. Sir Marcus survived at the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease his Lady went but little from home; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resideed in the same village, with whom she frequently passed a few hours, the rest of her time was entirely devoted to solitude, and she appeared for ever determined to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife and one son who at Sir M's. death was quite a youth; to his son, however, she was afterwads married, in the space of a few years, notwithstanding the disparity of his years, and the manifest imprudence of such a connection, so unequal in every respect.

(to be Continued)

LETTER,

By the late Lord Lyttleton.

THE world at large is so disposed to generalise, that it is seldom right when it descends into the detail of opinion. It has so many eyes and objects, that, in the act of particularising the sources of its favour or disapprobation, the rectitude or errour of its conclusions are both the effect of hazard. I, as you too well know, have been the subject of its severest censure; but, with all my faults, I have much reason to complain of its precipitate injustice.

Among other instances of its premature indisposition towards me, the circumstance to which you have alluded with so much humour, is in proof of my assertion; and, to heighten my mortification at that time, my own family joined the popular cry: so that, in pronouncing all possibility of amendment, the devoted prodigal was driven to a situation which absolutely precluded him from it.

My father, in a long detail of my unworthiness, which, with his usual tenderness, he dealt forth to *Harry de Salis*, as a climax to the amiable history, concluded the list of my enormities with declaring that I actually intrigued with three different women of fashion at one and the same time. Without making any comment on the very creditable account given of me, and the favourable picture which his pious Lordship displayed of our first-rate females, permit me to assure you, that neither my prowess with the ladies, nor any foolish, unworthy deed of mine occasioned the paternal displeasure of that moment. The subject of an occasional morning's reading was the true, but unacknowledged cause of my disgrace. I shall do myself the justice of relating the fact to you in all its circumstances.

You must have heard of the celebrated skeptical writer *Claude Anet*. His works, and the prosecution which they brought upon him, have conspired to give his name no small share of publick notoriety. It will be also necessary to inform you, that, after the sacred writings, Lord L——— has directed his partial estimation to two popular theological productions. The one details, explains, and observes upon the resurrection of Christ; and the other defends the character and conduct of the apostle Paul. The former was written by his dearly beloved friend Mr *West*—the latter by *himself*. The infidel *Claude Anet*, amoug other matters, thought proper to give these two publication a particular and separate consideration. He had the abominable impudence to declare, that they were not only deficient in their principles, but that they were logically defective in the means they took to support them: nay, he undertakes to give them arguments superiour to any they have used, and then to confute them. On this ground he opens his battery, and makes his attack; nor is he without his partizans among men of learning and talents, as I have been informed, who do not hesitate to assign him the victory. Of this I do not pretend to determine—I have, in truth, no genius for that line of criticism. The mode of proceeding, however must be acknowledged to have been accompanied with an air of insolence and contempt, which might have been the cause of mortification to men of a less sensible fibre than one, at least, of those, against whom it was directed. It had this effect in the extreme: for the pity of the Christian gave way to the pride of the author; and the damnable skeptick, instead of being the object of fervent prayer that he might be converted from the errour of his way, was wafted, in a moment, by his pious antagonist, to the howling portion of the devil and his angels.

In an unlucky hour it was discovered, that this offenssve volume was in my possession, and the subject of my occasional mediation; and from hence arose that unexpected burst of displeasure that fell with so much weight upon me, and which had instant recourse to my graceless life, a the pretended reason for its justification. I do not know a quality of the human mind that is of such an absorbent nature as vanity: in one disappointed moment it will suck up the virtue of years. If *Claude Anet* had levelled his shafts in a different direction, or I had encreased my caution in tracing their course, I might have intrigued with an whole seraglio of women of fashion, without drawing down upon me an atom of that vengeance of which I was the victim. I could not tell the true cause, as it would have increased, if possible, the irritation against me, without doing any good; and, besides, my authority would have been lighter than a feather, in the publick opinion, when put in competition with the power that persecuted me: for, religious opinions apart, the whole was an abominable persecution.

I never felt so sensibly the inconvenience of a bad character as at that period. Impudence could do but little; hypocrisy, which is so thick a garb for half mankind, was not a veil of gauze to me: and, as for repentance, that was not in the reach of ordinary credibility. I was really in the situation of the *Quaker's dog*, who, being caught in the fact of robbing the pantry, was told, in all the complacency of revenge, by his amiable master, "I will not beat thee, nor kill thee, for thy thieving; but I will do worse, for I will give thee a *bad name*;" and immediately, on driving him from the house, alarmed the neighbourhood with the calm assurance that he was a *mad dog*: so that the poor animal was pursued with the unreflecting brutality usual on such occasions, which soon put an end to his existence. You may truly apply this story to

Your affectionate, &c.

A Bridegroom friend, who wished to have his wedding night alluded to, in the scriptural style, was answered in the following impromptu.

In answer to your note polite,
(You will not take the change ill)
You're like good Jacob—for, to night,
You'll WRESTLE with an ANGEL.

Matrimonial Advice.

The following is an original letter from a lady, to one of her Theatrical Female Friends, who asked how she liked her change of situation.

My Dear,

NO doubt you are interested in the question by asking me so soon my opinion of *Matrimony*. It would be *Love's Labour Lost*, indeed, if I disliked it in the *Honey Moon*. If I continue such a prude as to retain your old opinion of *Marriage a la Mode*, and still continue it as *foolish*, I would advise you by all means to catch the *Folly as it Flies*, provided you hit upon some sober spark who has sown all his *Wild Oats*. *Trial's All* you know: however, if you *Review*, and should not like the state, why you may cause *The Devil to Pay* in the *School for Scandal*; and, of course, the result of your *Wedding Day*, will then form a very pretty *Winter's Tale*. Thus, at all events, like a fashionable woman, you will *Raise the Wind*. Do not *Wonder* at trifling, for you know *Laugh when you can* has ever been my maxim.—But to be serious, follow my advice, in *Three Weeks after Marriage* speak of it *As you like it*; and if you are a *Country Girl—Too friendly by Half*. With such charms as you possess, I know all you want is *The Will*. Once married, you may, quite in the fashion, act as you choose;—and if your spouse proves a *Provoked Husband*, why you may take your own *Revenge*, and make him a *Suspicious* one. If now (notwithstanding all I have said) you remain obstinate and single, perhaps, in nine months hence, as *Time's a Tell Tale*, I may produce an additional inducement.

Adieu. Yours, &c.

D.

Wonderful effects of Music.

Sultan Amurath having laid siege to Bagdat, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had submitted and laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer who had the command to see the Sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, and permit him to speak to the Emperor. The officer indulged him, and, being brought before the Sultan, he was suffered to give a specimen of his art. He took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and has ix strings on each side and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdat, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds of the instrument, together with the alternate plaintive and boldness of his strains, melted even Amurath; he suffered him to proceed, till, overpowered with harmony, tears of pity gushed forth, and he revoked his cruel orders. In consideration of his musician's abilities, he not only ordered those of the prisoners who remained alive to be spared, but gave them their liberty. This anecdote is related by Prince Cantimir, in his account of the transaction of the Ottomans.

THE TIP OF THE ELBOW.

THIRTY years since, the elbow was my of a fine woman she was the master, and conceal and protect from seven this day. first covered with a cambric sleeve, small plaited, and a wristband and lace ruffle; then three falls or flounces of embossed muslin, or rich lace; then three falls of rich brocade or sattin, ornamented with rich fringe, covered them; and to complete the dress, and to protect the tip of the elbow, a piece of lead, large enough to make a dozen bullets, hung pendant; and there was nothing more frequent in the annals of chivalry, than for the favoured lover to steal his mistress' lead to blow out the brains (if he had any) of his rival. Flounces, of course, led the fair wearer into a variety of unpleasant situations; such as in the extacy of having won a critical game at whist, whisking the candlestick, which stood at her elbow, into the lap of her fair neighbor; setting fire to the chvaux-de-frieze, that formed a rampart round her bosom, and throwing the whole assembly into confusion; or sweeping the coffee-cup and its contents on the white satin small-clothes of a birth-day beau. But what were those to the mischances at dinner. A fowl was to be carved, and by the time it was completed, the elbow appendages had absorbed the plate of soup, to which the fair wearer had been helped, and she was obliged to the mortification of having her flounces wrapped in a napkin, and the whole economy of her dress destroyed for the evening.

After a variety of such misfortunes, deep ruffles and flounces were exploded, with the exception of a court-dress. But the protection of the elbow was still attended to. Long sleeves were introduced for undress, and the puckered cuff, lined with buckram, brought three inches below the elbow, for full dress; however, the buckram lining was such an enemy to bending the arm with grace, that the cuffs shortened, until it just covered the elbow; when, a public mourning taking place, it was discovered that a round fat elbow looked very pretty through a crape transparency; and, the mourning over, a few well fed belles braved the storm of envy, by shewing the tip of their elbows; and persevered in doing so, in despite of the remarks of their fair friends. "Miss Y. is a pretty girl, but her bare elbows give her such a bold appearance."—"Did you observe Mrs. M.—how vulgar, just escaped from a wash-tub." But imperative fashion issued her *fiat*, and old and young, fat and lean, have not not only shewn their elbows, but their arms; and when we reflect that the exposure of the tip of the Dutchess of Rutland's shoulder, under masquerade guise, set the city of Dublin once in a flame, how can we wonder, in this age of naked fashions, that the torch of Cupid should be so often lighted; from the tip of every part of a beautiful woman—from the tip of the finger to the arm pit. [*London Paper.*]

Edmund Burke.

This luminary in the hemisphere of science, shone with a brilliancy unextinguished by the black clouds of opposition, and undimmed by the vapours of intrigue, [illegible] you, to assure spontaneous and rapid, by obediment to his revealed religion is the true only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you, that you are with child of a son who is decreed shall marry my daughter of his imagintion, which, forever excursive, held its flight through the regions of every art and science.

His acount of the disturbances which took place in Wales, on the appointment of Mr. Probate, to improve the crown rents, of that principality, is a picturesque and well drawn sketch: "He went, like his masters on other occasions, to seek revenue, and, like them, he found rebellion: he was no sooner arrived, than all were in arms to meet him? tumult, alarm and uproar, were heard through the region of Prestatyn, Snowdon shook to its base, and Cader Edris was loosened from its foundation: the fury Discord blew her horn on the mountains, the rocks poured down their goat-herds, and deep caverns vomited out their miners, every thing above ground and every thing under ground was convulsed."

Farmer's Museum.

Lesson for Idlers.

KANG III. Emperor of China, in one of his excursions, observing a person setting idle under a hedge, in a fit of rage ordered one of his attendants to strip him of his clothes and make off with them. "A man," added he, "that does not work himself, must always cause some harm to some other person." Solon, the wise legislator of Athens, commanded the Areopagus to watch over the conduct of every citizen, and to punish those that were idle. The English proverb styles idleness "the devil's anvil;" and some interpreters have laboured to prove, that the house in scripture, into which the bads pirits entered, was that of an idle man; and that its being swept and garnished meant merely that it contained nothing in it to occupy either the mind or the body of its wretched possessor, but left them to the complete occupancy and dominion of any vice that was tempted by its vacuity to take up its abode there.

Toil does keep
Obstructions from the mind and quench the blood;
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep
Like opium is our medicine, not our food.

MARRIED.

In Brattleboro (Vt) Samuel Elliot, Esq attorny at law to Mrs Linda Peas, of that Place——In Littleton, George Hersbert, Esq of Surry, (Maine) to Miss Charlott Tuttle of L——In New-Lebanon, Anthony Carr Esq of N York to Miss Almira Hull, of Lebanon Springs.—In Wilmington, by the Rev, Freegrace Reynolds, Mr Nath'l Morrill Jun to Miss Mary Buck, of the former place.

In Boston Mr James Osgood of Andover to Miss Sally Beals of Boston:— Mr Edward Munroe to Miss Lydia Downs,—Mr David Ellis, to Miss Sarah Rogers.—Mr Timothy Smith, to Miss Sally Walker, of Dotchester.—Mr. Wyman Harrington, to Miss Hannah Wyat.

DIED

In England, Richard Porson, an eminent Greek scholar and professr of that language in Trinity College——In Savanah, Mr. Luke Bixby, mer. of Boston: He went to Savannah on account of ill health, and to avoid the severity of the winter but did not long survive his arrival: He left his wife indisposed, &both were buried one in Massachusetts, the other in Georgia, on the same day. In Philad, during the week ending 31 inst. 22 viz. 12 adults and 10 chil. of consumption 2. diarhœ 4. small pox four!—Capt. Davie Campbell.——

Selected Poetry.

WRITEN BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS JULY 20 1742.

BOUNDING billow, cease thy motion
Bear me not so swiftly o'er;
Cease thy roaring, foamy ocean,
I will tempt thy rage no more.

Ah! within my bosom beating,
Varying passions wildly reign;
Love with proud RESENTMENT meeting,
Throbs by turns, of JOY and PAIN.

Joy, that far from foes I wander,
Where their taunts can reach no more;
Pain that woman's heart grows fonder,
When her dream of bliss is o'er!

Love by fickle fancy banish'd;
Spurn'd by hope, indignant flies;
Yet when love and hope are vanish'd,
Restless mem'ry never dies.

Far I go where fate shall lead me,
Far, across the troubled deep;
Where no stranger's ear shall heed me,
Where no eye for me shall weep.

PROUD, has been my fatal passion!
PROUD, my injur'd heart shall be!
While each thought, each inclination,
Still shall prove me worthy THEE!

Not one sigh shall tell my story!
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory—
Grief, THAT STOPS NOT TO COMPLAIN!

Let the bosom prone to ranging,
Still by ranging seek a cure;
Mine disdains the thought of changing,
Proudly destin'd to ENDURE.

Yet, ere far from all I treasur'd,
******** ere I bid adieu;
Ere my days of pain are measur'd,
Take the song that STILL'S thy due!

Yet believe no servile passions
Seek to charm thy vagrant mind;
Well I know thy inclinations,
Wav'ring as the passing wind.

I have lov'd thee—DEARLY lov'd thee,
Through an age of worldly woe;
How ungrateful I have prov'd thee,
Let my mournful exile show!

Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
Hours by hour I counted o'er,
Looking forward, till tomorrow,
Every day I lov'd thee more!

Pow'r and splender could not charm me;
I no joy in wealth could see!
Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
Save the fear of LOSING THEE!

When the storms of fortune press'd thee,
I have wept to see THEE weep!
When resentless cares distress'd thee,
I have lull'd those cares to sleep;

When with THEE what ills could harm me?
Thou could'st every pang assuage;
But when absent nought could charm me,
Every MOMENT seem'd an AGE.

Fare thee well ungrateful rover!
Welcome GALLIA'S-hostile shore;
Now the breezes wait me over;
Now we part—TO MEET NO MORE.

By Mrs Robertson

From the Messenger.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing Miss——take from her bosom a Contribution, at the orphan's Chapel.

IF works of charity are marked above,
Thine will be register'd an ACT OF GRACE,
A faithful emblem of celestial love.
Sweetly imparted from so fair a place.
And sure its residence the gift has blest,
Bestow'd by Beauty's hand from Pity's breast.

Anecdotes.

Queen Anne on the night succeeding her coronation, turned to the prince her husband, and said "George, will you go to rest?" The Prince joyous with his company on the occasion, answered in the same strain, "No, Madam; how shall I dare to go to bed with my sovereign? I am only your subject, and like all other subjects, am under command of my Prince!"—"Why then, George I *command* you to come to bed."

There are two members in the House of Commons, named Montagu Mathew and Mathew Montagu; the former a tall handsome man, and the latter a little man. The Speaker, a few days ago, having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Mathew observed, it was strange he should make such a mistake, as there was as great difference between them as between a Horse Chesnut and a chesnut Horse.

London Paper.

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Writ[ers]
O[ur]
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Nov. 5, 1808.

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ALSO,

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Portsmouth, Nov. 5.

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post-Office at York, October 4, 1808.

James Connor.	John Chapman 2.
Margaret S. Clark.	Nathan Hastey.
Peter Littlefield.	Joseph Main.
Isaac Parker, Esq.	Daniel Sweet.
Rufus Simpson.	

NATHANIEL SARGENT, P. M.

ALMANACK.

SEWALL's Almanack for sale at this Office, for the year

1809.

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